

The World.

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### SUNDAY LAW ENFORCEMENT.

In his official declaration on police organization and discipline Mayor Low could hardly have avoided the delicate and difficult question of Sunday law enforcement if he had wished to do so. He has shown more than usual courage in dealing with it as he has done.

In the position he has taken of "reasonable enforcement of the Excise law" he merely redeems the promises of the platforms on which he was nominated and the personal pledges made by himself and his supporters during the campaign. This is common honesty and sound politics as well, and Mayor Low can well afford to stand the censures of those who having supported him on a clearly understood issue now blame him for frankly avowing his intention of keeping his word.

That this is good politics is attested by the comment of the most censorious and bitter critic of his administration, District-Attorney Jerome, who says: "The gist of the Mayor's remarks upon the excise question seems to be that the law shall be enforced but that it shall only be enforced to the extent of not losing any votes."

To secure the continuance of reform administration votes are important and Mayor Low is wiser in his generation that Police Commissioner Roosevelt was in his.

**The Unanswered Question.**—The varying accounts of the recent row at Atlantic City help us to understand why it is that no one has ever been able to answer the question, "Who struck Billy Patterson?"

### "A PICTURESCAPE CHARACTER."

Gov. Odell, talking politics yesterday, said of Devery: "That fellow is a picturesque character. His sayings are sometimes worth preserving. I read his speeches carefully." True merit will out at last and approbation from a great Governor is praise indeed. But they know in the Ninth that Devery is something more than picturesque. He is a whole kaleidoscope of personality, an entire moving-picture show of his own and the men and voters of the Ninth District who have had their eyes at the peepholes have seen the big Chief in many interesting roles.

First there was Devery the Orator, modestly disclaiming any ability to make a speech and making a rattling good one, pouring out thoughts that breathe and words that burn. Then came Devery the Philanthropist, filling the widow's coal bin and the poor man's stomach; Devery the Entertainer, with excursions and large parties and free vaudeville; Devery the Free Spender, throwing coin to the small boys, setting 'em up to all with a thirst and finding a few bills left over for little loans to the impecunious.

One man in his time plays many parts, but it has been given to few to play them so well or to excel in so many lines of human endeavor as Bill the Big Chief. He is more than a "picturescape character," he is a potent personality.

**Old and Frail.**—While Secretary Shaw is visiting New York we beg to call his attention to the fact that within a week two venerable but properly certified harbor excursion steamers have broken down with their customary load of passengers aboard.

### NEW YORK'S DEMOCRATIC MAYOR.

On hearing that Mayor Low had started off on his vacation and that Mr. Fornes had assumed the duties of Acting Mayor, ex-Comptroller Coler promptly hid him over from Brooklyn to look in on the City Hall; not that he had any special business there, but he merely wanted to enjoy the sight of New York's City Hall occupied by a Democratic Mayor.

There is no reason why the New York City Hall should not be always occupied by a Democratic Mayor. A majority of the voters of Greater New York are Democrats. They would like to cast a majority vote for Democratic candidates in municipal as in State and National elections. But they will not stand for a Mayor of the Van Wyck type, or even for one of the Gilroy type.

The spectacle of a Democratic Mayor in the City Hall by election would be agreeable. The spectacle of a Republican Mayor in a Democratic city should be instructive.

### THE LATE ALDERMAN BRIDGES.

Pneumonia has carried off Alderman Bridges and removed one of the Board's most interesting and, perhaps, one of its most influential members. When Bridges turned on the tap of his oratory and gave the stream full vent some hearers were moved to irreverent mirth. "There are those," said Don Quixote, "who throw books out into the world as if they were fritters," and Bridges had this way about him with regard to speeches. But though they were laughed at they carried a weight that might have been denied them had they been more conventional and so lacked the audience their ludicrousness gave them.

It will be remembered to the Alderman's credit that his plea for the poor motormen "with one hand on the brake and the other on the trolley, frozen almost to death," was an important agency in compelling the street-car companies to promise protection for motormen. His resolve to "throw out the Rapid Transit Commissioners" was more than a mere threat. An examination of other ordinances he introduced shows many in the public interest.

**VANDERBILT'S "PRIVATE DISTILLER."**  
A moonshiner arrested on George W. Vanderbilt's Biltmore estate announced that he was "Mr. Vanderbilt's private distiller," but the revenue officials haled him off to jail.

It is easy to fancy the mountaineer's mental shock on discovering that Mr. Vanderbilt is not a bigger man than Uncle Sam. When he looks over Croesus's broad acres and hears tales of his gold plate and general household magnificence, his private car with its special locomotive, and his red rattling man-slaying automobile he is not to be blamed for regarding him as greater than the rather tough-looking individuals who execute the law for the general government in mountain districts. The substance is right there before his eyes and the other fellows seem to represent the shadow.

The "private distiller" point of view prevails elsewhere. There are Vanderbilts employees better up in book learning who have similar opinions as to the relative greatness of their employer and the public. They think as Rockefeller employees think and other representatives of aggregated wealth, and in an excess of such thought they would not be afraid to knock out an Attorney-General on a proper occasion.

It is an opinion all too generally held.

### JOKES OF OUR OWN

#### A PARADOX.

"For better, for worse," she had wed him.  
But she soon found existence a curse.  
For he gambled away all her money.  
Till he vowed that no better was worse.

#### PNEUMATIC.

"He is always rubbering. I should think he'd get wearied."  
"Rubber-tired, eh?"

#### THE SAME OLD WEATHER.

"People don't talk about the weather as much as they used to."  
"Such weather as we've had lately isn't fit to talk about."

#### ONE OPINION.

"Do you care for health foods?"  
"Not much. Those that don't look like sawdust taste like wholebrooms. I'm waiting till they put on the market something with less health and more food about it."

#### MORAL SCRUPLES.

"I wish I was the foot-kicker."  
"But suicide is a sin."

### BORROWED JOKES.

#### TRIFLES.

She—Really I don't feel like walking. My feet have bothered me a great deal lately.  
He—You must be exceedingly nervous.

She—Nervous?  
He—Yes, otherwise you wouldn't let such little things bother you.—Philadelphia Press.

#### ANOTHER VICTIM.

"Well, sir, it does look like Providence is dead 'n' me!" exclaimed the Southwest Georgia man.  
"Why—what's it been doing to you now?"

"Well, just as soon as the sun got hot enough to brile beefsteak, beef went so high that I couldn't reach it."—Atlanta Constitution.

#### WILLING TO OBLIGE.

"See here," said the kindly old lady. "I'll give you a dime if you'll promise not to go right off and spend it in that saloon on the corner."  
"All right, lady," replied Thirsty Tanques. "If you got a grudge again 'at booze, I'll cut it. I'm willing to patronize any run shop yer 'n' created in."—Philadelphia Press.

### SOMEBODIES.

**BALFOUR, MR.**—England's new Premier stands when writing or reading, having for this purpose a tall desk on which two candles burn.

**HARTE, BRET**—was finishing the libretto of an opera at the time of his death. The scene is laid in France, and the plot is that of the story "Alkali Dick." The music is by Emanuel Moor.

**MOELLERS, LARS**—who has just died, was the first Esquimaux journalist. He wrote and printed his paper himself and travelled through Greenland selling it.

**SULTAN OF TURKEY**—has employed quite a number of English officers in his army and navy. These foreigners are relied on by him more than are many native officers.

**ROCKEFELLER, J. D.**—has bought Buttermilk Hill, the highest point in Westchester County, which adjoins his big estates around Pocantico Hills.

### THE LITTLE MINSTREL.

His hands are soiled, his throat is bare.  
His face is streaked with dirt, and thin.

And many a slip is in the air  
He plays upon his violin;  
A sadness dwells within his eyes,  
The shoes are ragged on his feet,  
And scowls stop to criticize  
The little minstrel in the street.

There by the curb he plays away  
Where flakes float past and winds blow chill.

And maybe, as the critics say,  
He lacks the tutored artist's skill—  
But now and then a little strain,  
Played faultlessly and soft and sweet,  
Floats up from where he stands out there—  
The little minstrel in the street.

Say, ragged little minstrel, why  
Must people listen but to hear  
The false note ever passing by  
The strain that rises soft and clear?

Oh, it were well with us if we  
Might in our own way sound the  
And faultless notes as oft as he—  
The little minstrel in the street.

—Boston Budget.

### Cigarette Habit Increasing?

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In spite of the crusade against cigarettes, I believe two are smoked to-day where one was smoked ten years ago. Why is this? Also pipes seem less full of tobacco is bliss. But a cigarette is sheer idiosyncrasy. Why, then, the increased popularity of the noxious cigarette?  
CYRANO.

### Objects to Shaking Hands.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I protest against the silly practice of hand-shaking. There is no sense in it. In summer, especially, half the hands you shake are clammy with perspiration. Then lots of people grip your hand in such a way as to crush the

### THE HUMAN PUNCHING BAG.



The People have been knocking Knox for over-trustful lenience. And now the Trusts, with swifter swats, cause him new inconvenience. Roosevelt beholds his little friend, in manifest astonishment. Become a human punching bag for future folks' admonishment.

### QUEER COINCIDENCE.



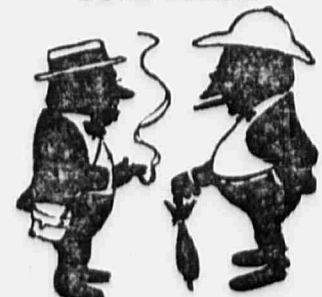
Papa—What! You say that young man wants to marry you? Do you know how much his income is?  
Daughter—No, but this is a very strange coincidence. He asked me the same question about you.

### PROSPERITY.



Mrs. Anglemore—Oh, well, Mrs. Bug, it's no use opposing our children, so we let 'em join the turnermende. A worm will turn, you know.

### SURE THING.



Pacer—Beat the bookmakers? How did you do it?  
Racer—Oh, there's only one way—I didn't bet.

### HE HAS GROWN.



Dutchy—Ten years ago I was ein poor boy.  
Irish—Is der any change since?  
Dutchy—Yaa. Now I was ein poor man.

### NICELY ADJUSTED.



Thisun—I don't hear you grumbling any more because Smaggs borrows your lawnmower so often.  
Thatto—Every time he gets the lawnmower these days I send over and borrow his ping-pong set.

### WHAT A MISTAKE!



Mugsey the Mick-Say, is your name Pete?  
Pleased Pete—Well, do I look like it was Claude or maybe Algernon?

### HIGH POLISH.



Barber—Any particular sort of brush you'd like me to use, sir?  
Customer—No; any feather duster will do.

### ACCOUNTS FOR IT.



First Mosquito—What's wrong, Spiker? You look blue!  
Second Mosquito—Yes; I sampled one of those blue-blooded Smith-Joneses last night by mistake.

## TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

### Cigarette Habit Increasing?

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### In Case of an "L" Strike.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I wonder if people realize the extent of bother and annoyance that will follow an "L" strike? In the first place, people who get downtown in half an hour now will need about double that time. Also, the cable cars, already crowded, will be so jammed as to make life a burden. It is torture to stand in a crowded "L" car from One Hundred and Fourth street to Barclay street. But consider what it would be on a

### Should He Intervent?

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I have two unmarried sisters-in-law, aged nineteen and seventeen respectively. They live with their mother in the flat below us. Their mother beats them occasionally. My wife, with a painful recollection of her own recent ordeals, begs me to interfere. I content I am not justified in interfering. The two young ladies are apparently nice girls, but their mother claims she only punishes them because they deserve it. They both work in a store, and are the support of their mother, who is a widow. I wish

### Guys On Costumes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I am from Illinois. I am here in New York on a little visit. I am struck by the amazing discomfort of New Yorkers' summer costumes and their ugliness. In the first place, on the hottest days, your men wear coats. Why not adopt the pretty and cool shirtwaist? Also you wear high collars. Why not adopt the cool, low, rolling collar? Your women wear hats in the street. With us, women go hatless in summer for the most part. Why not be cool, comfortable and at the same time prettily dressed?  
IRENE J. SAGAN,  
Evansville, Ind.

## ODDITY CORNER.

### BETTING.

Betting on the results of the recent municipal elections at Rome was permitted by the Government. The wagering was conducted on the Pari-mutuel system, and the profits were devoted to charitable purposes.

### BIG INSECT.

The stick insect of Borneo, the largest insect known, is sometimes thirteen inches long. It is wingless, but some species of stick insects have beautiful colored wings that fold like fans.

### HUGE ET.

The wife of the Governor of New Borneo has a baby rhinoceros for a pet.

### THE HYPOSCOPE.



This is the much-talked-of hyposcope, whose object is to enable soldiers to kill without being killed. It consists of a bullet-proof shield, with an apparatus of mirrors by means of which accurate sight can be taken without exposing the marksman to the fire of his opponent.

### A LIVE MUSEUM OF DRESS. ARMCHAIR GROWN FROM A SEED.

A Rue de la Paix magnate is thinking of opening a sort of live museum of dresses, says the London Telegraph. In galleries to which a few privileged visitors would be admitted by special invitation, the couturier's latest creations would be exhibited on the persons of a numerous staff of "mannequins." The latter, of course, the young ladies who usually show off dresses before customers. The couturier explains that a specially large staff, providing a "complete assortment of figures," will be required for the purpose. That is to say, it would include a slim but well-developed "mannequin" for "costumes de sport," another with shoulders suitable for setting off ball dresses, a third familiar with the special stage walk and deportment and so on. The expert "living dummy" as she gets on an average \$10 a week, her board—that is to say, luncheon and dinner—and four dresses a year, made in the establishment in which she is employed.

### "SNAKE-BITE" DEATHS.

A considerable proportion of the deaths in India annually attributed to snake bite are probably due to poisoning of another sort, says Navy and Army. The explanation is simple and interesting. When a man, in an outlying village dies evidently from the effects of poison it is the duty of the headman of the village to take in, if not the body, at any rate the viscera, for examination by the civil surgeons of the nearest civil station, which may be some thirty miles away. To avoid this tedious journey the name of the deceased is duly entered on the village records as having died from snake bite, and the entire village is snare-baited, ready to swear that it saw the snake, a karait a yard and a half long—which did the deed, and which was subsequently slain by several different people in several totally different sets of circumstances.

### A WIFE'S NAME

#### And How the Average Husband Sidesteps It.

"What does your husband call you?" suddenly asked the hostess. "Do you realize that most men don't call their wives anything in particular? Now, what do you call your husband?"

"John, of course," replied a dimpled matron, promptly.

"And I call mine Dannie—Daniel seems too formal, some way," volunteered a bride.

"I call mine Bobbie," confessed the young woman in the linen waist. "Of course, he was baptized Nathaniel, but I don't like it."

"Charles," said the quiet little woman in the corner, when her turn came, says the Chicago News.

"All of which goes to prove," resumed the hostess with increasing elation, "the second of my theories—that a woman never lacks a name for her husband. Sometimes she has several. For instance, I've heard that some wives call their six-foot husbands by even so diminutive a title as 'Tippy.'"

Thereupon a black-haired young woman turned pink and cried: "Well, what if I do? Do you suppose it is in any woman's power to live forever up to the stern standard of 'Caleb'?"

"Don't get excited, dear," said the dimpled matron, turning to the tempting frappe on the rustic table at her elbow. "Let's let Virginia explain her theory further."

"You see," began the hostess, "I've been studying this thing till it is almost a mania with me. I can't see a man and a woman together without being consumed with a desire to know what he calls her. I've kept count for a month and what do you suppose is the usual salutation a man gives his wife?"

"Old woman," suggested the slender young matron, defiantly.

"Little girl," volunteered the woman in the linen waist. "Not at all. Just plain 'Say.' Out of thirty-seven cases noted I've heard 'Say' nine times. 'My dear' three times, 'mother' (he walked with a cane and her hair was white) once and 'Mary' once, leaving twenty-three cases where the poor woman got absolutely no name at all. On the other hand, in only five out of the cases studied did the wife fail to give her husband some familiar name."

### BITS OF NATURE.

In New Zealand red clover could not be successfully grown until bumblebees were imported and acclimated. Those insects have changed the island from an annual importer of red clover seed to a large and increasing producer and exporter, thus opening a new and valuable source of wealth to the colony.

Fireflies are sold nightly by peddlers in crowded quarters of Tokio and other Japanese cities. The number of firefly dealers in Tokio is estimated at more than forty. The insects sell for three rin apiece, a rin being equal in value to the twentieth part of a cent.

Human hair on the head grows at the rate of an inch in two months.

### A BRIDEGROOM.



Among the head-hunting inhabitants of the German Solomon Islands, before a young man is allowed to marry he is compelled to live for a season in a hut in the depths of the forest, wearing the singular headgear shown in the illustration. It is made of basket-work and shaped like a gourd, with a very small opening into which the hair is forced. When the hair has grown long enough and thick enough to hold the hat securely on the head, hair and hat are cut off together amid great rejoicing and the young man is pronounced a fit candidate for matrimony.

### LORDS ARE LAZY.

The attendance in the British House of Lords is mostly meagre in the extreme, and there is no penalty for non-attendance. In the reign of George III, every lord who was late for prayers paid a shilling to the poor-box, unless he was above the rank of a baron or bishop, when he paid twice that amount. Lords who absented themselves without reasonable excuse had to pay a crown for every day's absence. Were such a custom renewed to-day the poor-rate of Westminster would show a very sensible decrease.